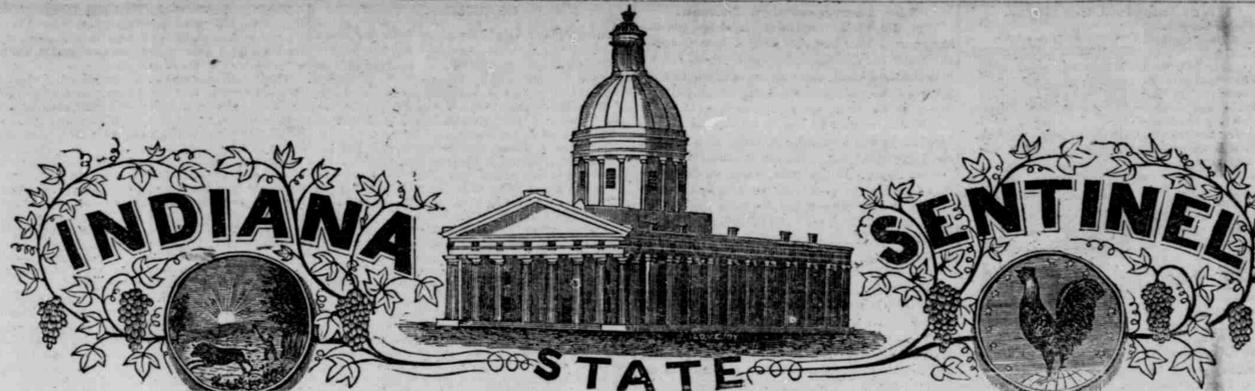


Published every Thursday Office on Illinois St. Second Block North of Washington.



BY G. A. & J. P. CHAPMAN.

Sovereigns of the World. The following most graphic remarks descriptive of the most notable sovereigns of the world, are extracted from the from the Baltimore Saturday Evening Visitor.

ENGLAND. Victoria, born in 1819—Queen, defender of the faith and her ministers, who in return for her patronage, cling to her person and to her table with the tenacity of ivy, and would be dust to-morrow but for the support to which they cling.

FRANCE. Louis Philippe, born 1773. A man of titles: Duke of Orleans and King of the French, and Napoleon in Paris. The first married by birth, the second the work of talent.

SPAIN. Maria Isabella Louisa, born 1830. The youngest of all sovereigns, though by no means the most childish. Her mother manages the State for her.

PORTUGAL. Maria de Gloria, born 1819. Sovereign of an independent country, which England alone saves from being swallowed up by Spain, and by the imperishable constitution which has been changed but a few times since her accession in 1826, and sitting on the throne of an enlightened, free, and tranquilized nation, themselves ruined by the priests, the police and the mob of Lisbon.

HOLLAND. William the First, born in 1735. The first king of the Netherlands—Kingdom cut from France by the Congress of Vienna, and cut in two by the hatchets of the mob of Brussels; a prince, hard headed, hard worked, and hardly used. To so late the cares of sovereignty in the foggiest land in the world, he fell in love.

BELGIUM. Leopold the First, born in 1790. The luckiest of the royal families of Europe, an Austrian Captain of cavalry, who superseded the Prince of Orange in the alliance of the Princess Charlotte of England; enjoyed a pension of fifty thousand pounds a year for twenty years, of which he has saved every shilling; next superseded the Prince of Orange in the possession of Belgium, and is now a king, on the simple credit of having a good leg, doing nothing and being a Coburg.

AUSTRIA. Ferdinand, born in 1793. In Austria, the government is wholly constructed on the principle of a nursery; the people are children who think of nothing but their breakfast, dinner and supper—and furnished with dolls and dunces, are as happy as the day is long, but they never grow up to the state of manhood, and are whipped or put into the black hole. When good humored they are permitted to run about the fields, provided they never run out of the sight of the head nurse, and can be brought back by the check of an apron string.

RUSSIA. Nicholas the First, born in 1796. A daring, active and ambitious despot. He began by excluding his brother Constantine from the throne, and is supposed to have the largest esplanade in the world in existence. He has already swallowed Poland, has made an enormous bite out of Persia, holds Turkey in his left hand ready for a luncheon; and Turkey lies dressed before him ready for dinner—what he is to sup on, or where, who can tell? But he is vigorous, vigilant, subtle, and therefore, the better to be baffled by Lord Palmerston.

CHINA. Teon Kwang. China is the great tea warehouse of mankind. A quarrel having been raised by some of its dealers, the warehouseman shut up shop. Foolish as this was, the dealers stood on the point and determined to starve—the foolish still. But this was not enough. The warehouseman turned all his capital into powder and shot, and building up his shop windows, mounted them with guns. The dealers, already half ruined, resolved to go the whole length—turned the tea money into cannon balls and congrue rockets, and determined to burn down the warehouseman, shop and all, to force him to trade with them again—most foolish of the whole!

Eugene Sue and the "Juif Errant." Mons. Eugene Sue was born at Paris on the 10th of December, 1804. The Empress Josephine and Prince Eugene Beauharnois, were his god-father and god-mother. The ancient family of Sue has for many generations been established at Lacolme, near Caunes, in Provence, and is at present represented there by Mr. Sue, a retired superior officer and grand uncle of our author.

The great grandfather of Mr. Sue, Peter, his grandfather, Joseph, and his father, Jean Joseph, were surgeons, or physicians of celebrity. The two latter were graduates of the University of Edinburgh, and made known, by copious translations, the works of the medical school in Scotland. His father was surgeon-in-chief to the Imperial Guard in the Russian campaign, and after the restoration he became surgeon to the king. He lived on terms of the utmost intimacy with the Empress Josephine, Franklin, Masson, Moreau, and all the great personages of the days of the Consulate.

Agreeably to the wish of his father, Mons. Eugene Sue entered upon a medical career, and was attached as surgeon to the King's Military College, then to the staff of the army in Spain, in 1823, and afterwards to the 7th regiment of artillery in the same capacity, and in that capacity was present at the siege of Cadix, and the capture of Trocadero and Tariffa. In 1824 he left the land for the naval service. He made several voyages to America, returned to the Mediterranean and visited Greece. In 1828 he was on board the "Breslaw" in the battle of Navarino. Upon his return he retired from the service and from the medical profession, which possessed no attraction for him, and coming back to Paris, thanks to a liberal paternal inheritance, he was able to live a happy and brilliant life. Next to the pursuit of pleasure, his favorite occupation was painting, which he studied under his friend Gudin.

In 1831, an old artillery comrade suggested to him to write his naval reminiscences, as Cooper had done so successfully, and the idea pleased him so well that he dropped the pencil, seized the pen, and published "Hernock le Pirate" and several other naval romances, novels, histories, historical romances, dramas, and social and philosophical works in fiction.

The early works of Mons. Sue indicate a mind entirely free from prejudices, and a sincere and ardent disposition; and, for the exalted thoughts of the "Mysteres de Paris," he has often confessed himself indebted to the counsels of a kind critic. In fact, from the very first chapter, before a single voice was raised to praise the author, he produced, in his analysis of the fall of the "Chouannerie," a new proof of a sovereign critical fertility. Perhaps no other study in the book is more profound than that; none more learnedly expresses the views of existing society, nor suggests more clearly the means of true reform.

Mr. Sue's character is one of rare benevolence, simplicity, and amity; and what is rare to find amongst distinguished artists of our times, he is plain and never abstract or visionary. His is a nature at once full of frankness and address, of bonhomie and tact. He is a man of the world, amiable and refined, witty and gay; he is believed to be tainted with gallantry, and, in his travels and wanderings in quest of adventure, it is suspected that he has studied the question of love among various nations, and in every mode, and in every age. Here, like that of the Greeks, he is brilliant, and at others clouded. He has the look of an observer. His eyebrows are thick and black, and terminating in a well-defined arch. The centre of the forehead presents a strong development of the organs of causality and comparison, as well as all the features of the artist. The nose is high and distinct, with the nostrils well opened; the lips, clearly designed, bespeak energy and passion. He has an abundance of strong hair, of a deep brown, golden tint. In figure, he is erect and rather stout, and his carriage is expressive of a species of softness, blended with vigor and sanguineness.

In the "Juif Errant," from its very beginning, the same generous and generous spirit, the glow of "Les Mysteres de Paris," appears. The book is dedicated to Mons. Camille Pleyel, an amiable and distinguished artist, who labors with zeal to ameliorate the condition of his workmen. In the dedication, Mr. Sue announces his intention to investigate the destiny of the people—the law of labor, which, he says, will soon take precedence of all others, because, for the most part, the question of life or death, here, is the same source of the inspiration of the "Mysteres"—charity—compassion for the people; but here the field appears much more vast. The poet's views are extended; he rises, and seeks to influence the world—to scan humanity entire. It is to the human race, still in vassalage, and sadly curbed on the surface by the laws of the earth, that he comes to preach redemption. He does not stop at the social life of the French; but includes in his story the whole species, the West and the East, for a field of observation. He evokes strange mysteries, and speaks to us of miracles; and, by the fantastic phase of his works, he touches upon the problems of another life.

His pen traces and depicts in vivid manners, hidden causes and human deformities. Now he brings before you the cholera, and its systematic and terrible attacks; now he treats of the phagocara or men stragglers; the mother throwing her infant into the stream, that it may not have to carry the burthen of life—the old prostitute buying up young virgins from mothers famishing with hunger; the Indian brutally possessed and exterminated by a party of armed soldiers; and, nearer still to us, the tyranny of Russia and the exile of Siberia. In France, the penalty of the populace, leading to debauch, prostitution and degradation; ignorance, exposing the unenlightened to the power of the skillful; and, above all, misery spreading her bloody hand over the millions, and exhausting the feeble body, and delicate but courageous soul of woman.

The conception of Sue's new work is exalted, and inspired in a remarkable degree with religious sentiment; it is truly Christian. To our knowledge, no book of imagination hitherto has so widely embraced social life under its different aspects—its troubles and sorrowful present—its efforts towards order and happiness. No other writer has approached so nearly and so profoundly in a dramatic form, the problem of human destiny.

ANECDOTE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.—Frederick sending a minister to Denmark who complained of the smallness of his salary, and said that he was kept from going by the smallness of his salary, the King's remark to him was, "You are prodigal; you ought to know that it is more healthy to go on foot than it is to go in a carriage; and that so far as pataing is concerned, another man's table is the best."—Diaries &c., of the Earl of Malmesbury.

INDOLENCE.—Perhaps every man may date the predominance of those desires that disturb, and contaminate his conscience, for some unhappy hour when too much leisure exposed him to his incursions—for he has lived with little observation, either on himself or others, who does not know that to be idle is to be vicious.

Small evils make the worst part of great ones; it is much easier to endure misfortune than to bear an inconvenience.

The following lines, with a few verbal alterations, are from the pathetic poem of Mrs. R. S. Nichols, entitled "To my boy in heaven." Their tenderness and feeling will be appreciated by all who have experienced bereavements like that here lamented:

I gazed upon thee! Was it rigid Death That enticed thee from my boy how? Ah no! methought I saw the living breath Of life expand thy heaving breast but now; She sleeps! Tread softly—wake her not! How bright These dreams of Heaven upon her spirit fall! They fold it slumbering—break her wings of light, And bear it up to Heaven's high festival— The festival of death—of sleep of death! They deep commingling, when the strap Sleep Spreads his encircling wings, and seeks to fold Earth to repose, and calm the heart that weeps. It was a fearful dream! Methought ye said That she might, was of the earth no more! That all the sensuality of life had fled, And that pale Death their portals guarded o'er. Ye deemed that I should weep; but not a tear Burst from the fountains of my eyes, though dark foreboding thought and bitter fear Rushed to my heart, and bade my soul lament! And thus I gazed, dear, to the tomb, So loved, so beautiful! If death should tear Her spirit hence, 't were to her native sky, My voice would pierce the inner temples there! She is not dead! Alas! how true the words! The vain delusion! Can I long on this? And doubt whose hand each charmed vein now locks? I dare not claim what Death has sealed as his! And thus I gazed, dear, to the tomb, And saw the brow of pilowed nest my heart Laid down amid the dust and darkling gloom. To be, alas! too soon of a dark part, I saw them heap the earth about my form, And press the light turf o'er thy peaceful breast, Then leave thee to the cold and brooding worm, As some young dove in a deserted nest.

As some young dove in a deserted nest, I gazed! It was the evening's golden light! That flung bright shadows o'er thy new-made home; While through the trees that waved in colors bright, I heard the low sweet wailing dirges moan; And there was one looked with me on that scene, Who bade me know our bitter loss too soon! Both! her cheek was pale as thine, I ween, And from her eye a tear fell like rain, That e'er, while gazing on the midnight sky, One bright new star looked out from its lone sphere; We knew no name to call the stranger by, So gazed it there, and deemed that thou wert there.

Another's Thoughts. The deepest thoughts, unbroken, In shadowy solitude are born, And for each thought that's spoken, A thousand voices die. Crush'd are the accents stealing, And still thy words are heard, And pulses of blighted feeling, Are all unknown to thee. Thou, mighty ocean, sleepest, But still thy waves are heard, Lie hush'd in solemn night, Even when the heaving billow Madly inspires the sky, It shudders back to thee, In darkness still to lie. The mournful willow drooping, It is not so sad a thing, As its sighs and sobs are heard, Beneath a weeping willow, Then another's thoughts hurried, Hadst thou the bosom's chords, Like gush'd arise, and like rain, To haunt the heart again!

The Human Heart. The human heart—'twould mortal eye Hath seen its springs laid bare; A beauty and a mystery, In all that resteth there. Madly inspires the sky, It shudders back to thee, In darkness still to lie. The mournful willow drooping, It is not so sad a thing, As its sighs and sobs are heard, Beneath a weeping willow, Then another's thoughts hurried, Hadst thou the bosom's chords, Like gush'd arise, and like rain, To haunt the heart again!

THE GRAVE.—How little reflection is expended upon, yet how much is called for by the grave,—by the lowliest hillock that is piled over the icy bosom, by the grassiest hollow that has sunk with the mouldering bones of a fellow creature! And in this narrow haven, the bark that has ploughed the surges of the great vital ocean! In this little den, that the sun's overshadow in a day's growth, and the milder sun underme in an hour of labor, is crushed the spirit that could contemplate a world, and dare even a contest with destiny! How little it speaks for the value of the existence which man endures so many evils to prolong; how much it reduces the significance of both the pomp and pretensions of being, and the insignificance of its vicissitudes into the indistinguishable identity which infinite distance gives to the stars, a point without parallax, a speck, an atom! Such is life,—the gasp of a child that inspires the air of existence but once,—a single breath breathed from eternity. But the destiny that comes behind us,—oblivion! It is not enough that we realize upon the earth, that the sun's overshadow in a day's growth, and the milder sun underme in an hour of labor, is crushed the spirit that could contemplate a world, and dare even a contest with destiny! How little it speaks for the value of the existence which man endures so many evils to prolong; how much it reduces the significance of both the pomp and pretensions of being, and the insignificance of its vicissitudes into the indistinguishable identity which infinite distance gives to the stars, a point without parallax, a speck, an atom! Such is life,—the gasp of a child that inspires the air of existence but once,—a single breath breathed from eternity. But the destiny that comes behind us,—oblivion! It is not enough that we realize upon the earth, that the sun's overshadow in a day's growth, and the milder sun underme in an hour of labor, is crushed the spirit that could contemplate a world, and dare even a contest with destiny! How little it speaks for the value of the existence which man endures so many evils to prolong; how much it reduces the significance of both the pomp and pretensions of being, and the insignificance of its vicissitudes into the indistinguishable identity which infinite distance gives to the stars, a point without parallax, a speck, an atom! Such is life,—the gasp of a child that inspires the air of existence but once,—a single breath breathed from eternity. But the destiny that comes behind us,—oblivion! It is not enough that we realize upon the earth, that the sun's overshadow in a day's growth, and the milder sun underme in an hour of labor, is crushed the spirit that could contemplate a world, and dare even a contest with destiny! How little it speaks for the value of the existence which man endures so many evils to prolong; how much it reduces the significance of both the pomp and pretensions of being, and the insignificance of its vicissitudes into the indistinguishable identity which infinite distance gives to the stars, a point without parallax, a speck, an atom! Such is life,—the gasp of a child that inspires the air of existence but once,—a single breath breathed from eternity. But the destiny that comes behind us,—oblivion! It is not enough that we realize upon the earth, that the sun's overshadow in a day's growth, and the milder sun underme in an hour of labor, is crushed the spirit that could contemplate a world, and dare even a contest with destiny! How little it speaks for the value of the existence which man endures so many evils to prolong; how much it reduces the significance of both the pomp and pretensions of being, and the insignificance of its vicissitudes into the indistinguishable identity which infinite distance gives to the stars, a point without parallax, a speck, an atom! Such is life,—the gasp of a child that inspires the air of existence but once,—a single breath breathed from eternity. But the destiny that comes behind us,—oblivion! It is not enough that we realize upon the earth, that the sun's overshadow in a day's growth, and the milder sun underme in an hour of labor, is crushed the spirit that could contemplate a world, and dare even a contest with destiny! How little it speaks for the value of the existence which man endures so many evils to prolong; how much it reduces the significance of both the pomp and pretensions of being, and the insignificance of its vicissitudes into the indistinguishable identity which infinite distance gives to the stars, a point without parallax, a speck, an atom! Such is life,—the gasp of a child that inspires the air of existence but once,—a single breath breathed from eternity. But the destiny that comes behind us,—oblivion! It is not enough that we realize upon the earth, that the sun's overshadow in a day's growth, and the milder sun underme in an hour of labor, is crushed the spirit that could contemplate a world, and dare even a contest with destiny! How little it speaks for the value of the existence which man endures so many evils to prolong; how much it reduces the significance of both the pomp and pretensions of being, and the insignificance of its vicissitudes into the indistinguishable identity which infinite distance gives to the stars, a point without parallax, a speck, an atom! Such is life,—the gasp of a child that inspires the air of existence but once,—a single breath breathed from eternity. But the destiny that comes behind us,—oblivion! It is not enough that we realize upon the earth, that the sun's overshadow in a day's growth, and the milder sun underme in an hour of labor, is crushed the spirit that could contemplate a world, and dare even a contest with destiny! How little it speaks for the value of the existence which man endures so many evils to prolong; how much it reduces the significance of both the pomp and pretensions of being, and the insignificance of its vicissitudes into the indistinguishable identity which infinite distance gives to the stars, a point without parallax, a speck, an atom! Such is life,—the gasp of a child that inspires the air of existence but once,—a single breath breathed from eternity. But the destiny that comes behind us,—oblivion! It is not enough that we realize upon the earth, that the sun's overshadow in a day's growth, and the milder sun underme in an hour of labor, is crushed the spirit that could contemplate a world, and dare even a contest with destiny! How little it speaks for the value of the existence which man endures so many evils to prolong; how much it reduces the significance of both the pomp and pretensions of being, and the insignificance of its vicissitudes into the indistinguishable identity which infinite distance gives to the stars, a point without parallax, a speck, an atom! Such is life,—the gasp of a child that inspires the air of existence but once,—a single breath breathed from eternity. But the destiny that comes behind us,—oblivion! It is not enough that we realize upon the earth, that the sun's overshadow in a day's growth, and the milder sun underme in an hour of labor, is crushed the spirit that could contemplate a world, and dare even a contest with destiny! How little it speaks for the value of the existence which man endures so many evils to prolong; how much it reduces the significance of both the pomp and pretensions of being, and the insignificance of its vicissitudes into the indistinguishable identity which infinite distance gives to the stars, a point without parallax, a speck, an atom! Such is life,—the gasp of a child that inspires the air of existence but once,—a single breath breathed from eternity. But the destiny that comes behind us,—oblivion! It is not enough that we realize upon the earth, that the sun's overshadow in a day's growth, and the milder sun underme in an hour of labor, is crushed the spirit that could contemplate a world, and dare even a contest with destiny! How little it speaks for the value of the existence which man endures so many evils to prolong; how much it reduces the significance of both the pomp and pretensions of being, and the insignificance of its vicissitudes into the indistinguishable identity which infinite distance gives to the stars, a point without parallax, a speck, an atom! Such is life,—the gasp of a child that inspires the air of existence but once,—a single breath breathed from eternity. But the destiny that comes behind us,—oblivion! It is not enough that we realize upon the earth, that the sun's overshadow in a day's growth, and the milder sun underme in an hour of labor, is crushed the spirit that could contemplate a world, and dare even a contest with destiny! How little it speaks for the value of the existence which man endures so many evils to prolong; how much it reduces the significance of both the pomp and pretensions of being, and the insignificance of its vicissitudes into the indistinguishable identity which infinite distance gives to the stars, a point without parallax, a speck, an atom! Such is life,—the gasp of a child that inspires the air of existence but once,—a single breath breathed from eternity. But the destiny that comes behind us,—oblivion! It is not enough that we realize upon the earth, that the sun's overshadow in a day's growth, and the milder sun underme in an hour of labor, is crushed the spirit that could contemplate a world, and dare even a contest with destiny! How little it speaks for the value of the existence which man endures so many evils to prolong; how much it reduces the significance of both the pomp and pretensions of being, and the insignificance of its vicissitudes into the indistinguishable identity which infinite distance gives to the stars, a point without parallax, a speck, an atom! Such is life,—the gasp of a child that inspires the air of existence but once,—a single breath breathed from eternity. But the destiny that comes behind us,—oblivion! It is not enough that we realize upon the earth, that the sun's overshadow in a day's growth, and the milder sun underme in an hour of labor, is crushed the spirit that could contemplate a world, and dare even a contest with destiny! How little it speaks for the value of the existence which man endures so many evils to prolong; how much it reduces the significance of both the pomp and pretensions of being, and the insignificance of its vicissitudes into the indistinguishable identity which infinite distance gives to the stars, a point without parallax, a speck, an atom! Such is life,—the gasp of a child that inspires the air of existence but once,—a single breath breathed from eternity. But the destiny that comes behind us,—oblivion! It is not enough that we realize upon the earth, that the sun's overshadow in a day's growth, and the milder sun underme in an hour of labor, is crushed the spirit that could contemplate a world, and dare even a contest with destiny! How little it speaks for the value of the existence which man endures so many evils to prolong; how much it reduces the significance of both the pomp and pretensions of being, and the insignificance of its vicissitudes into the indistinguishable identity which infinite distance gives to the stars, a point without parallax, a speck, an atom! Such is life,—the gasp of a child that inspires the air of existence but once,—a single breath breathed from eternity. But the destiny that comes behind us,—oblivion! It is not enough that we realize upon the earth, that the sun's overshadow in a day's growth, and the milder sun underme in an hour of labor, is crushed the spirit that could contemplate a world, and dare even a contest with destiny! How little it speaks for the value of the existence which man endures so many evils to prolong; how much it reduces the significance of both the pomp and pretensions of being, and the insignificance of its vicissitudes into the indistinguishable identity which infinite distance gives to the stars, a point without parallax, a speck, an atom! Such is life,—the gasp of a child that inspires the air of existence but once,—a single breath breathed from eternity. But the destiny that comes behind us,—oblivion! It is not enough that we realize upon the earth, that the sun's overshadow in a day's growth, and the milder sun underme in an hour of labor, is crushed the spirit that could contemplate a world, and dare even a contest with destiny! How little it speaks for the value of the existence which man endures so many evils to prolong; how much it reduces the significance of both the pomp and pretensions of being, and the insignificance of its vicissitudes into the indistinguishable identity which infinite distance gives to the stars, a point without parallax, a speck, an atom! Such is life,—the gasp of a child that inspires the air of existence but once,—a single breath breathed from eternity. But the destiny that comes behind us,—oblivion! It is not enough that we realize upon the earth, that the sun's overshadow in a day's growth, and the milder sun underme in an hour of labor, is crushed the spirit that could contemplate a world, and dare even a contest with destiny! How little it speaks for the value of the existence which man endures so many evils to prolong; how much it reduces the significance of both the pomp and pretensions of being, and the insignificance of its vicissitudes into the indistinguishable identity which infinite distance gives to the stars, a point without parallax, a speck, an atom! Such is life,—the gasp of a child that inspires the air of existence but once,—a single breath breathed from eternity. But the destiny that comes behind us,—oblivion! It is not enough that we realize upon the earth, that the sun's overshadow in a day's growth, and the milder sun underme in an hour of labor, is crushed the spirit that could contemplate a world, and dare even a contest with destiny! How little it speaks for the value of the existence which man endures so many evils to prolong; how much it reduces the significance of both the pomp and pretensions of being, and the insignificance of its vicissitudes into the indistinguishable identity which infinite distance gives to the stars, a point without parallax, a speck, an atom! Such is life,—the gasp of a child that inspires the air of existence but once,—a single breath breathed from eternity. But the destiny that comes behind us,—oblivion! It is not enough that we realize upon the earth, that the sun's overshadow in a day's growth, and the milder sun underme in an hour of labor, is crushed the spirit that could contemplate a world, and dare even a contest with destiny! How little it speaks for the value of the existence which man endures so many evils to prolong; how much it reduces the significance of both the pomp and pretensions of being, and the insignificance of its vicissitudes into the indistinguishable identity which infinite distance gives to the stars, a point without parallax, a speck, an atom! Such is life,—the gasp of a child that inspires the air of existence but once,—a single breath breathed from eternity. But the destiny that comes behind us,—oblivion! It is not enough that we realize upon the earth, that the sun's overshadow in a day's growth, and the milder sun underme in an hour of labor, is crushed the spirit that could contemplate a world, and dare even a contest with destiny! How little it speaks for the value of the existence which man endures so many evils to prolong; how much it reduces the significance of both the pomp and pretensions of being, and the insignificance of its vicissitudes into the indistinguishable identity which infinite distance gives to the stars, a point without parallax, a speck, an atom! Such is life,—the gasp of a child that inspires the air of existence but once,—a single breath breathed from eternity. But the destiny that comes behind us,—oblivion! It is not enough that we realize upon the earth, that the sun's overshadow in a day's growth, and the milder sun underme in an hour of labor, is crushed the spirit that could contemplate a world, and dare even a contest with destiny! How little it speaks for the value of the existence which man endures so many evils to prolong; how much it reduces the significance of both the pomp and pretensions of being, and the insignificance of its vicissitudes into the indistinguishable identity which infinite distance gives to the stars, a point without parallax, a speck, an atom! Such is life,—the gasp of a child that inspires the air of existence but once,—a single breath breathed from eternity. But the destiny that comes behind us,—oblivion! It is not enough that we realize upon the earth, that the sun's overshadow in a day's growth, and the milder sun underme in an hour of labor, is crushed the spirit that could contemplate a world, and dare even a contest with destiny! How little it speaks for the value of the existence which man endures so many evils to prolong; how much it reduces the significance of both the pomp and pretensions of being, and the insignificance of its vicissitudes into the indistinguishable identity which infinite distance gives to the stars, a point without parallax, a speck, an atom! Such is life,—the gasp of a child that inspires the air of existence but once,—a single breath breathed from eternity. But the destiny that comes behind us,—oblivion! It is not enough that we realize upon the earth, that the sun's overshadow in a day's growth, and the milder sun underme in an hour of labor, is crushed the spirit that could contemplate a world, and dare even a contest with destiny! How little it speaks for the value of the existence which man endures so many evils to prolong; how much it reduces the significance of both the pomp and pretensions of being, and the insignificance of its vicissitudes into the indistinguishable identity which infinite distance gives to the stars, a point without parallax, a speck, an atom! Such is life,—the gasp of a child that inspires the air of existence but once,—a single breath breathed from eternity. But the destiny that comes behind us,—oblivion! It is not enough that we realize upon the earth, that the sun's overshadow in a day's growth, and the milder sun underme in an hour of labor, is crushed the spirit that could contemplate a world, and dare even a contest with destiny! How little it speaks for the value of the existence which man endures so many evils to prolong; how much it reduces the significance of both the pomp and pretensions of being, and the insignificance of its vicissitudes into the indistinguishable identity which infinite distance gives to the stars, a point without parallax, a speck, an atom! Such is life,—the gasp of a child that inspires the air of existence but once,—a single breath breathed from eternity. But the destiny that comes behind us,—oblivion! It is not enough that we realize upon the earth, that the sun's overshadow in a day's growth, and the milder sun underme in an hour of labor, is crushed the spirit that could contemplate a world, and dare even a contest with destiny! How little it speaks for the value of the existence which man endures so many evils to prolong; how much it reduces the significance of both the pomp and pretensions of being, and the insignificance of its vicissitudes into the indistinguishable identity which infinite distance gives to the stars, a point without parallax, a speck, an atom! Such is life,—the gasp of a child that inspires the air of existence but once,—a single breath breathed from eternity. But the destiny that comes behind us,—oblivion! It is not enough that we realize upon the earth, that the sun's overshadow in a day's growth, and the milder sun underme in an hour of labor, is crushed the spirit that could contemplate a world, and dare even a contest with destiny! How little it speaks for the value of the existence which man endures so many evils to prolong; how much it reduces the significance of both the pomp and pretensions of being, and the insignificance of its vicissitudes into the indistinguishable identity which infinite distance gives to the stars, a point without parallax, a speck, an atom! Such is life,—the gasp of a child that inspires the air of existence but once,—a single breath breathed from eternity. But the destiny that comes behind us,—oblivion! It is not enough that we realize upon the earth, that the sun's overshadow in a day's growth, and the milder sun underme in an hour of labor, is crushed the spirit that could contemplate a world, and dare even a contest with destiny! How little it speaks for the value of the existence which man endures so many evils to prolong; how much it reduces the significance of both the pomp and pretensions of being, and the insignificance of its vicissitudes into the indistinguishable identity which infinite distance gives to the stars, a point without parallax, a speck, an atom! Such is life,—the gasp of a child that inspires the air of existence but once,—a single breath breathed from eternity. But the destiny that comes behind us,—oblivion! It is not enough that we realize upon the earth, that the sun's overshadow in a day's growth, and the milder sun underme in an hour of labor, is crushed the spirit that could contemplate a world, and dare even a contest with destiny! How little it speaks for the value of the existence which man endures so many evils to prolong; how much it reduces the significance of both the pomp and pretensions of being, and the insignificance of its vicissitudes into the indistinguishable identity which infinite distance gives to the stars, a point without parallax, a speck, an atom! Such is life,—the gasp of a child that inspires the air of existence but once,—a single breath breathed from eternity. But the destiny that comes behind us,—oblivion! It is not enough that we realize upon the earth, that the sun's overshadow in a day's growth, and the milder sun underme in an hour of labor, is crushed the spirit that could contemplate a world, and dare even a contest with destiny! How little it speaks for the value of the existence which man endures so many evils to prolong; how much it reduces the significance of both the pomp and pretensions of being, and the insignificance of its vicissitudes into the indistinguishable identity which infinite distance gives to the stars, a point without parallax, a speck, an atom! Such is life,—the gasp of a child that inspires the air of existence but once,—a single breath breathed from eternity. But the destiny that comes behind us,—oblivion! It is not enough that we realize upon the earth, that the sun's overshadow in a day's growth, and the milder sun underme in an hour of labor, is crushed the spirit that could contemplate a world, and dare even a contest with destiny! How little it speaks for the value of the existence which man endures so many evils to prolong; how much it reduces the significance of both the pomp and pretensions of being, and the insignificance of its vicissitudes into the indistinguishable identity which infinite distance gives to the stars, a point without parallax, a speck, an atom! Such is life,—the gasp of a child that inspires the air of existence but once,—a single breath breathed from eternity. But the destiny that comes behind us,—oblivion! It is not enough that we realize upon the earth, that the sun's overshadow in a day's growth, and the milder sun underme in an hour of labor, is crushed the spirit that could contemplate a world, and dare even a contest with destiny! How little it speaks for the value of the existence which man endures so many evils to prolong; how much it reduces the significance of both the pomp and pretensions of being, and the insignificance of its vicissitudes into the indistinguishable identity which infinite distance gives to the stars, a point without parallax, a speck, an atom! Such is life,—the gasp of a child that inspires the air of existence but once,—a single breath breathed from eternity. But the destiny that comes behind us,—oblivion! It is not enough that we realize upon the earth, that the sun's overshadow in a day's growth, and the milder sun underme in an hour of labor, is crushed the spirit that could contemplate a world, and dare even a contest with destiny! How little it speaks for the value of the existence which man endures so many evils to prolong; how much it reduces the significance of both the pomp and pretensions of being, and the insignificance of its vicissitudes into the indistinguishable identity which infinite distance gives to the stars, a point without parallax, a speck, an atom! Such is life,—the gasp of a child that inspires the air of existence but once,—a single breath breathed from eternity. But the destiny that comes behind us,—oblivion! It is not enough that we realize upon the earth, that the sun's overshadow in a day's growth, and the milder sun underme in an hour of labor, is crushed the spirit that could contemplate a world, and dare even a contest with destiny! How little it speaks for the value of the existence which man endures so many evils to prolong; how much it reduces the significance of both the pomp and pretensions of being, and the insignificance of its vicissitudes into the indistinguishable identity which infinite distance gives to the stars, a point without parallax, a speck, an atom! Such is life,—the gasp of a child that inspires the air of existence but once,—a single breath breathed from eternity. But the destiny that comes behind us,—oblivion! It is not enough that we realize upon the earth, that the sun's overshadow in a day's growth, and the milder sun underme in an hour of labor, is crushed the spirit that could contemplate a world, and dare even a contest with destiny! How little it speaks for the value of the existence which man endures so many evils to prolong; how much it reduces the significance of both the pomp and pretensions of being, and the insignificance of its vicissitudes into the indistinguishable identity which infinite distance gives to the stars, a point without parallax, a speck, an atom! Such is life,—the gasp of a child that inspires the air of existence but once,—a single breath breathed from eternity. But the destiny that comes behind us,—oblivion! It is not enough that we realize upon the earth, that the sun's overshadow in a day's growth, and the milder sun underme in an hour of labor, is crushed the spirit that could contemplate a world, and dare even a contest with destiny! How little it speaks for the value of the existence which man endures so many evils to prolong; how much it reduces the significance of both the pomp and pretensions of being, and the insignificance of its vicissitudes into the indistinguishable identity which infinite distance gives to the stars, a point without parallax, a speck, an atom! Such is life,—the gasp of a child that inspires the air of existence but once,—a single breath breathed from eternity. But the destiny that comes behind us,—oblivion! It is not enough that we realize upon the earth, that the sun's overshadow in a day's growth, and the milder sun underme in an hour of labor, is crushed the spirit that could contemplate a world, and dare even a contest with destiny! How little it speaks for the value of the existence which man endures so many evils to prolong; how much it reduces the significance of both the pomp and pretensions of being, and the insignificance of its vicissitudes into the indistinguishable identity which infinite distance gives to the stars, a point without parallax, a speck, an atom! Such is life,—the gasp of a child that inspires the air of existence but once,—a single breath breathed from eternity. But the destiny that comes behind us,—oblivion! It is not enough that we realize upon the earth, that the sun's overshadow in a day's growth, and the milder sun underme in an hour of labor, is crushed the spirit that could contemplate a world, and dare even a contest with destiny! How little it speaks for the value of the existence which man endures so many evils to prolong; how much it reduces the significance of both the pomp and pretensions of being, and the insignificance of its vicissitudes into the indistinguishable identity which infinite distance gives to the stars, a point without parallax, a speck, an atom! Such is life,—the gasp of a child that inspires the air of existence but once,—a single breath breathed from eternity. But the destiny that comes behind us,—oblivion! It is not enough that we realize upon the earth, that the sun's overshadow in a day's growth, and the milder sun underme in an hour of labor, is crushed the spirit that could contemplate a world, and dare even a contest with destiny! How little it speaks for the value of the existence which man endures so many evils to prolong; how much it reduces the significance of both the pomp and pretensions of being, and the insignificance of its vicissitudes into the indistinguishable identity which infinite distance gives to the stars, a point without parallax, a speck, an atom! Such is life,—the gasp of a child that inspires the air of existence but once,—a single breath breathed from eternity. But the destiny that comes behind us,—oblivion! It is not enough that we realize upon the earth, that the sun's overshadow in a day's growth, and the milder sun underme in an hour of labor, is crushed the spirit that could contemplate a world, and dare even a contest with destiny! How little it speaks for the value of the existence which man endures so many evils to prolong; how much it reduces the significance of both the pomp and pretensions of being, and the insignificance of its vicissitudes into the indistinguishable identity which infinite distance gives to the stars, a point without parallax, a speck, an atom! Such is life,—the gasp of a child that inspires the air of existence but once,—a single breath breathed from eternity. But the destiny that comes behind us,—oblivion! It is not enough that we realize upon the earth, that the sun's overshadow in a day's growth, and the milder sun underme in an hour of labor, is crushed the spirit that could contemplate a world, and dare even a contest with destiny! How little it speaks for the value of the existence which man endures so many evils to prolong; how much it reduces the significance of both the pomp and pretensions of being, and the insignificance of its vicissitudes into the indistinguishable identity which infinite distance gives to the stars, a point without parallax, a speck, an atom! Such is life,—the gasp of a child that inspires the air of existence but once,—a single breath breathed from eternity. But the destiny that comes behind us,—oblivion! It is not enough that we realize upon the earth, that the sun's overshadow in a day's growth, and the milder sun underme in an hour of labor, is crushed the spirit that could contemplate a world, and dare even a contest with destiny! How little it speaks for the value of the existence which man endures so many evils to prolong; how much it reduces the significance of both the pomp and pretensions of being, and the insignificance of its vicissitudes into the indistinguishable identity which infinite distance gives to the stars, a point without parallax, a speck, an atom! Such is life,—the gasp of a child that inspires the air of existence but once,—a single breath breathed from eternity. But the destiny that comes behind us,—oblivion! It is not enough that we realize upon the earth, that the sun's overshadow in a day's growth, and the milder sun underme in an hour of labor, is crushed the spirit that could contemplate a world, and dare even a contest with destiny! How little it speaks for the value of the existence which man endures so many evils to prolong; how much it reduces the significance of both the pomp and pretensions of being, and the insignificance of its vicissitudes into the indistinguishable identity which infinite distance gives to the stars, a point without parallax, a speck, an atom! Such is life,—the gasp of a child that inspires the air of existence but once,—a single breath breathed from eternity. But the destiny that comes behind us,—oblivion! It is not enough that we realize upon the earth, that the sun's overshadow in a day's growth, and the milder sun underme in an hour of labor, is crushed the spirit that could contemplate a world, and dare even a contest with destiny! How little it speaks for the value of the existence which man endures so many evils to prolong; how much it reduces the significance of both the pomp and pretensions of being, and the insignificance of its vicissitudes into the indistinguishable identity which infinite distance gives to the stars, a point without parallax, a speck, an atom! Such is life,—the gasp of a child that inspires the air of existence but once,—a single breath breathed from eternity. But the destiny that comes behind us,—oblivion! It is not enough that we realize upon the earth, that the sun's overshadow in a day's growth, and the milder sun underme in an hour of labor, is crushed the spirit that could contemplate a world, and dare even a contest with destiny! How little it speaks for the value of the existence which man endures so many evils to prolong; how much it reduces the significance of both the pomp and pretensions of being, and the insignificance of its vicissitudes into the indistinguishable identity which infinite distance gives to the stars, a point without parallax, a speck, an atom! Such is life,—the gasp of a child that inspires the air of existence but once,—a single breath breathed from eternity. But the destiny that comes behind us,—oblivion! It is not enough that we realize upon the earth, that the sun's overshadow in a day's growth, and the milder sun underme in an hour of labor, is crushed the spirit that could contemplate a world, and dare even a contest with destiny! How little it speaks for the value of the existence which man endures so many evils to prolong; how much it reduces the significance of both the pomp and pretensions of being, and the insignificance of its vicissitudes into the indistinguishable identity which infinite distance gives to the stars, a point without parallax, a speck, an atom! Such is life,—the gasp of a child that inspires the air of existence but once,—a single breath breathed from eternity. But the destiny that comes behind us,—oblivion! It is not enough that we realize upon the earth, that the sun's overshadow in a day's growth, and the milder sun underme in an hour of labor, is crushed the spirit that could contemplate a world, and dare even a contest with destiny! How little it speaks for the value of the existence which man endures so many evils to prolong; how much it reduces the significance of both the pomp and pretensions of being, and the insignificance of its vicissitudes into the indistinguishable identity which infinite distance gives to the stars, a point without parallax, a speck, an atom! Such is life,—the gasp of a child that inspires the air of existence but once,—a single breath breathed from eternity. But the destiny that comes behind us,—oblivion! It is not enough that we realize upon the earth, that the sun's overshadow in a day's growth, and the milder sun under